

ALL IN COLOUR - MAKES LEARNING A JOY

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

No. 60 • 4th April 1970

PRICE 1/3



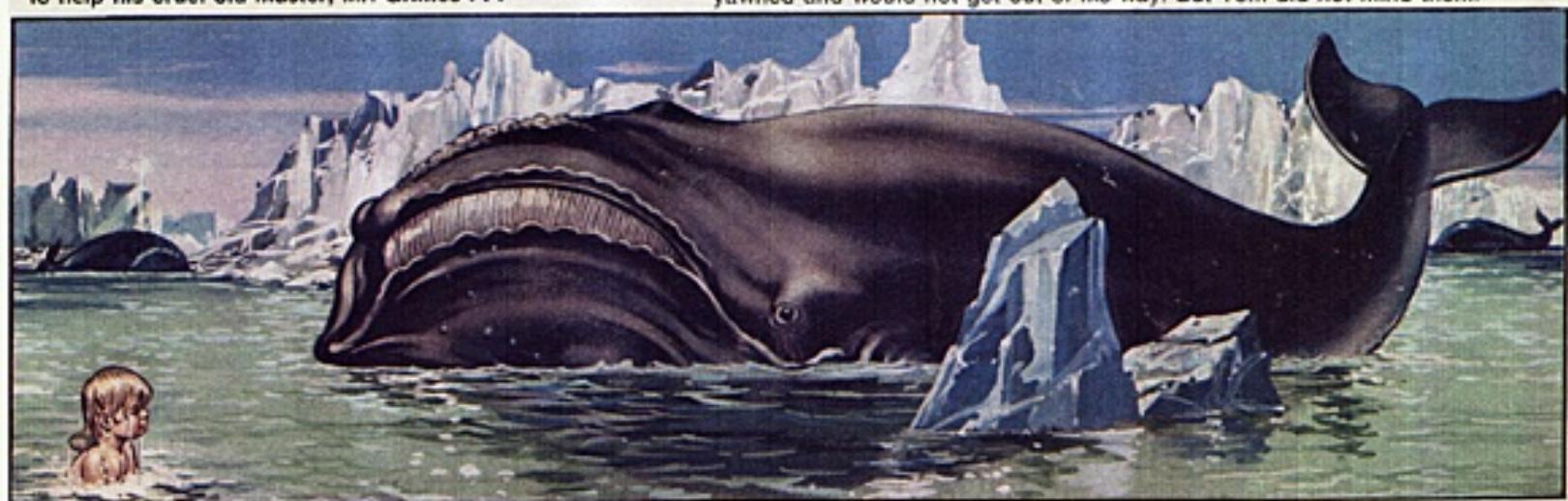
Van der Syde

The Water Babies

Brave little Tom, who was once a naughty little boy who swept chimneys, becomes a water baby. To show how good he has become he sets off on a journey to the Shiny Wall, a great barrier of ice in the sea. He hopes to find the Other-end-of-Nowhere to help his cruel old master, Mr. Grimes . . .



1. There was no gate in the Shiny Wall, so Tom had to dive down to the bottom of the sea and swim under it. He swam for seven days and nights and he was not a bit frightened. Why should he be? He was a brave lad. On his way he swam through shoals of yellow shrimps that hopped and skipped about; and through a crowd of jellyfish of all the colours of the world, that neither hopped nor skipped, but only dawdled and yawned and would not get out of his way. But Tom did not mind them.



2. At last he got to the top of the sea again, to the pool where all the good whales go. A very large pool it was, miles and miles across. All round it rose cliffs of ice. These kept away the storms and clouds, keeping Mother Carey's pool calm from one year's end to another. There the good whales lay on the still sea—blue whales, fin whales and bottle-nosed whales.

3. They were happy, sleepy beasts, waiting for Mother Carey to send for them to make them out of old beasts into new. Tom swam up to the nearest whale and asked the way to Mother Carey. "There she sits, in the middle," said the whale. Tom looked, but could see nothing in the middle of the pool except one peaked iceberg. "That is where you will find her—underneath it," said the whale.



4. "What does she do down there?" Tom asked. The old whale gave a big yawn and answered: "She's busy all the year round making old beasts into new ones." "If she makes things into new," said Tom, thinking hard, "I suppose that she cuts up a great whale like you into a whole shoal of porpoises." At this remark the old whale laughed loudly. "Run along with you, boy, and find out," he chuckled.



5. Wondering what he might find, Tom swam to the iceberg and dived down beside it. As he swam towards the bottom of the sea, he was passed by a rising cloud of millions of very tiny new-born creatures, of more shapes and colours than he had ever dreamed of. They were Mother Carey's children, whom she makes out of sea water all day long.



6. Tom expected, as most people would, to find her as busy as could be, but instead of that he came upon the grandest lady he had ever seen, a white marble lady sitting on a white marble throne. She sat quite still, looking around with two blues eyes as blue as the sea itself. "It is a long time since I have seen a water baby here," she said kindly.



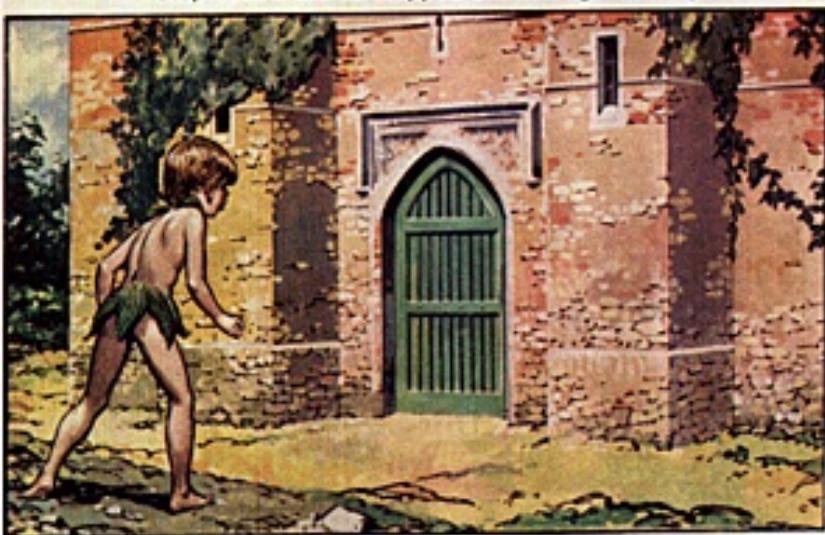
7. Tom told her his errand and how he had been sent to find Mr. Grimes at the Other-end-of-Nowhere. Although Mr. Grimes had treated him cruelly when he had been a chimney-sweep, Tom had a duty to be kind to him, to show that he had learned the ways of a good little boy. "You are a splendid little fellow," said Mother Carey and when she told him the way to go, Tom thanked her kindly and swam off with no more delay.



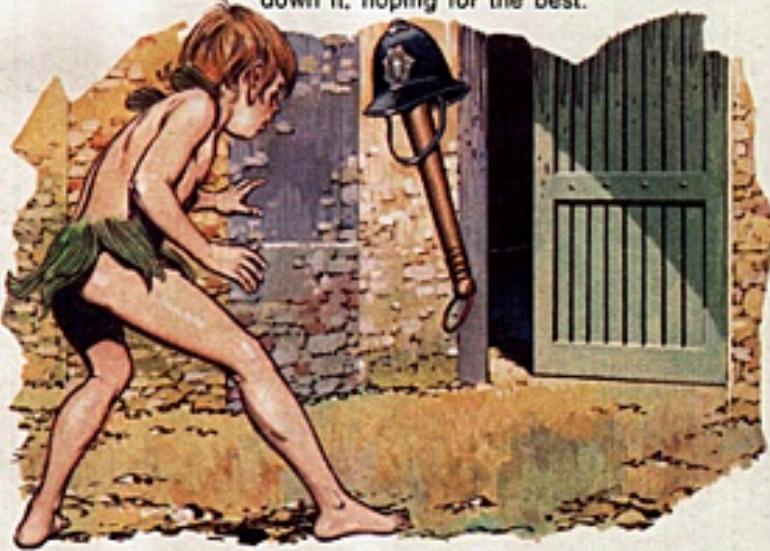
8. Tom walked for a long time along the soft ocean floor and soon became aware of a hissing and a roaring, as though all the steam engines in the world were working at once. When he came nearer to the noise the water grew boiling hot, but that did not hurt him in the least. At last Tom came very close to the Other-end-of-Nowhere. He reached a place which was called Stop. And there he stopped on the edge of a big hole.



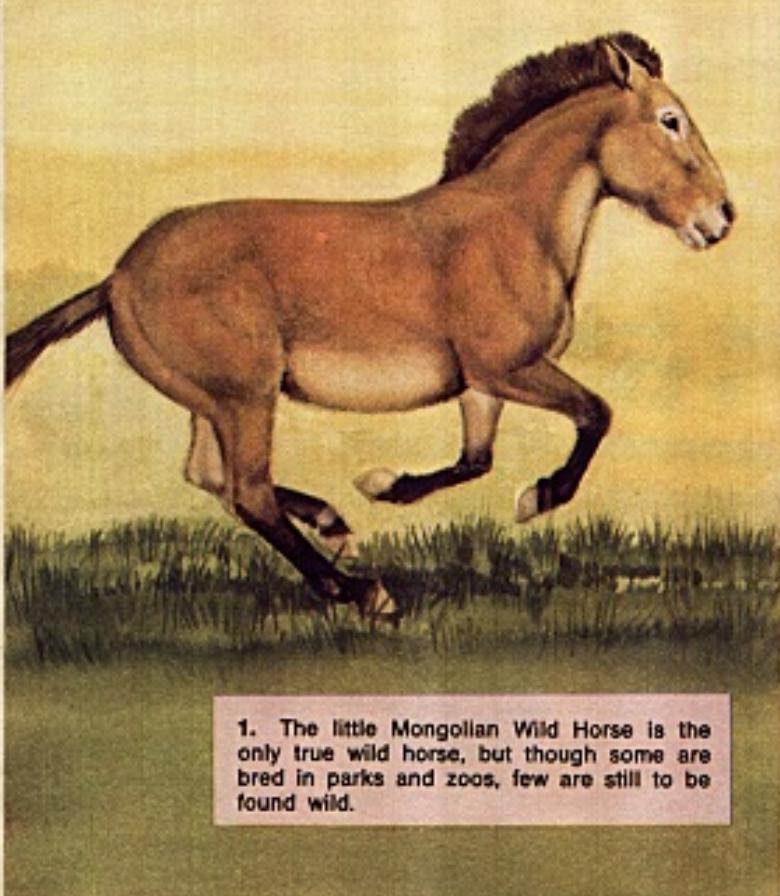
9. It was a kind of small volcano and the steam that came out of it made the water spin round and round in a sort of whirlpool. It made gurgling noises that reminded Tom that once, when chimney-sweeping in a big house, he saw a bath emptying itself down the plughole. He let himself be carried down it, hoping for the best.



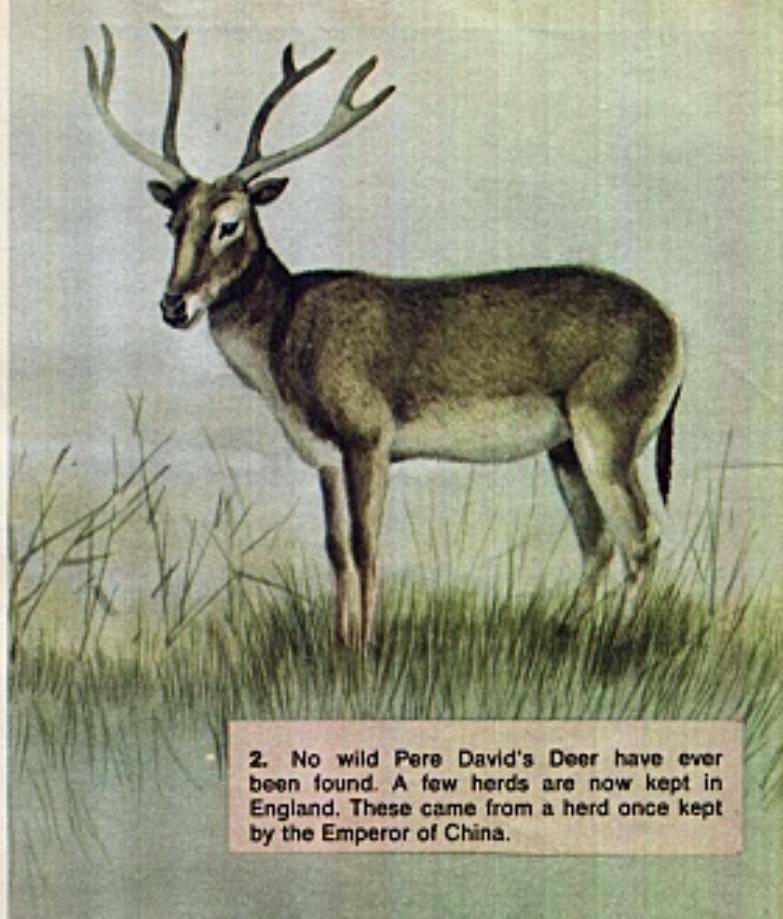
10. He went rushing and tumbling down through the great hole and when he got to the bottom of it he came safely to the shore of the Other-end-of-Nowhere. He saw before him a huge building made of brick. It reminded Tom of a prison and as he walked towards it, he had a strange fancy that he might find Mr. Grimes somewhere inside it.



11. Boldly Tom marched towards the building when something shouted "Stop!" It was nothing more than a policeman's truncheon, running along without arms and legs. And when the truncheon asked him his business, Tom told him that he had come from Mother Carey and was looking for Mr. Grimes.



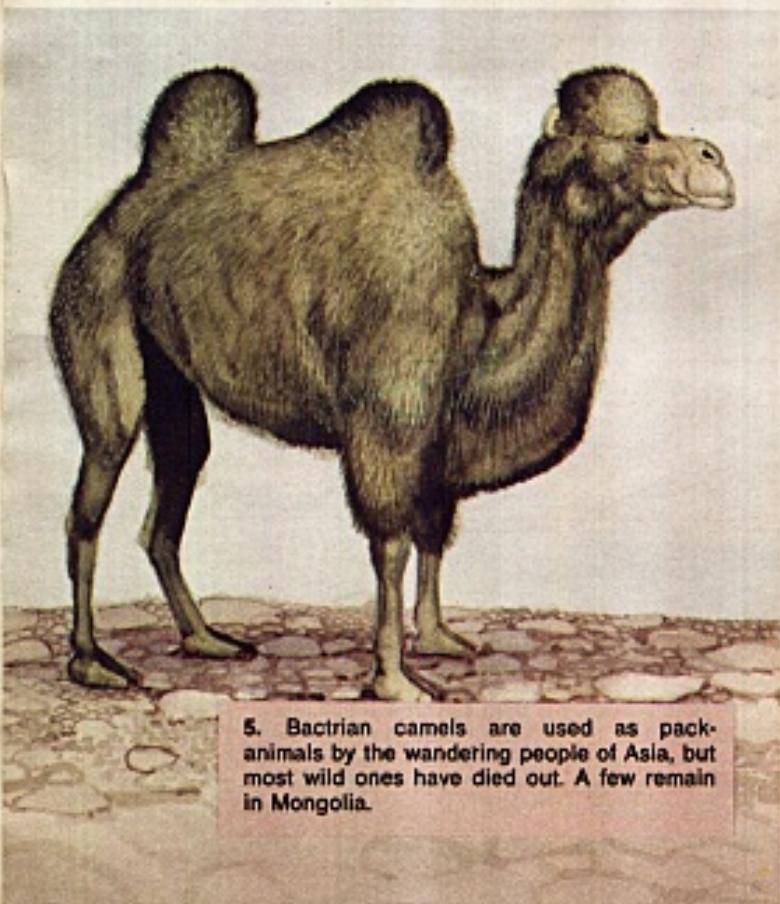
1. The little Mongolian Wild Horse is the only true wild horse, but though some are bred in parks and zoos, few are still to be found wild.



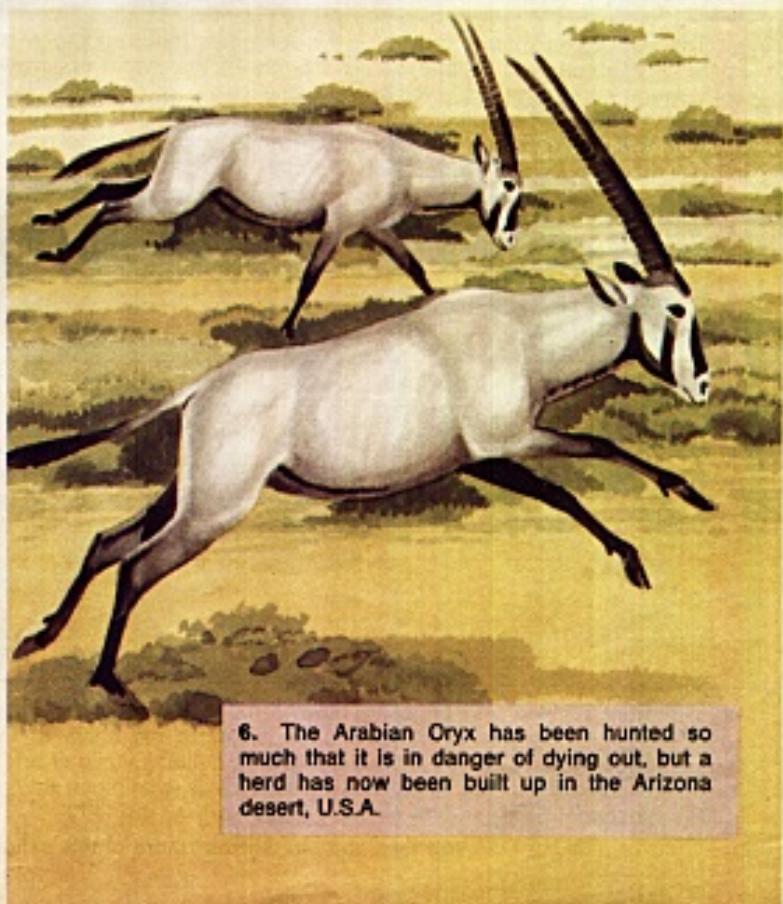
2. No wild Pere David's Deer have ever been found. A few herds are now kept in England. These came from a herd once kept by the Emperor of China.



A number of animals are in danger of dying out. Some are hunted, others driven from the areas where they live when it is turned into farmland. Our Allsorts pages show you some of them.

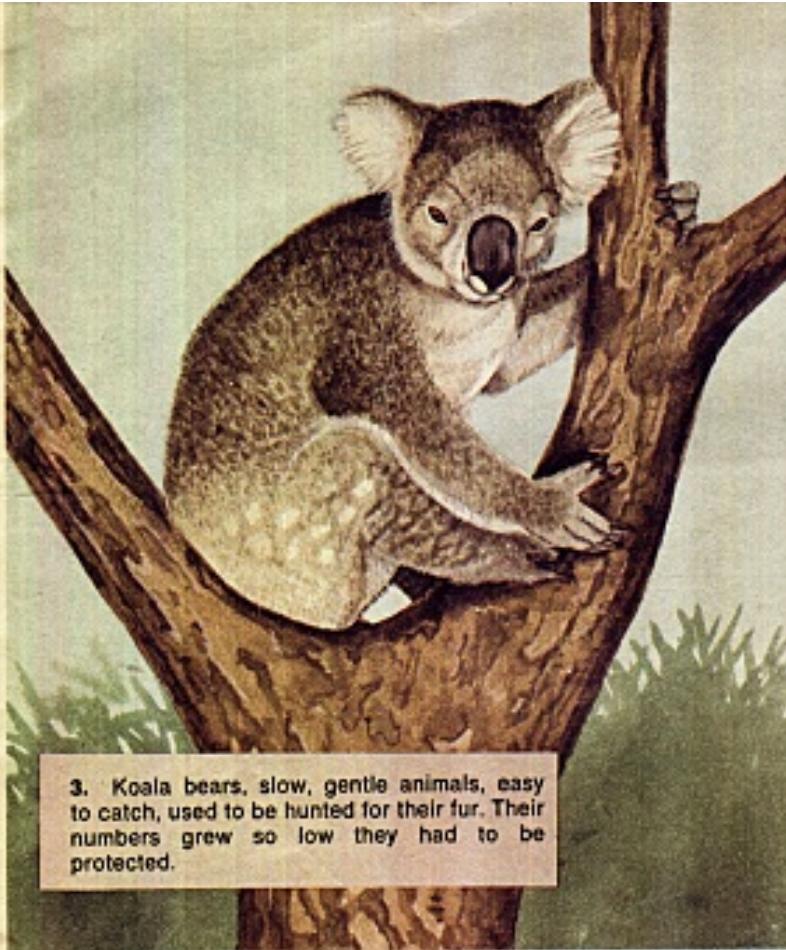


5. Bactrian camels are used as pack-animals by the wandering people of Asia, but most wild ones have died out. A few remain in Mongolia.

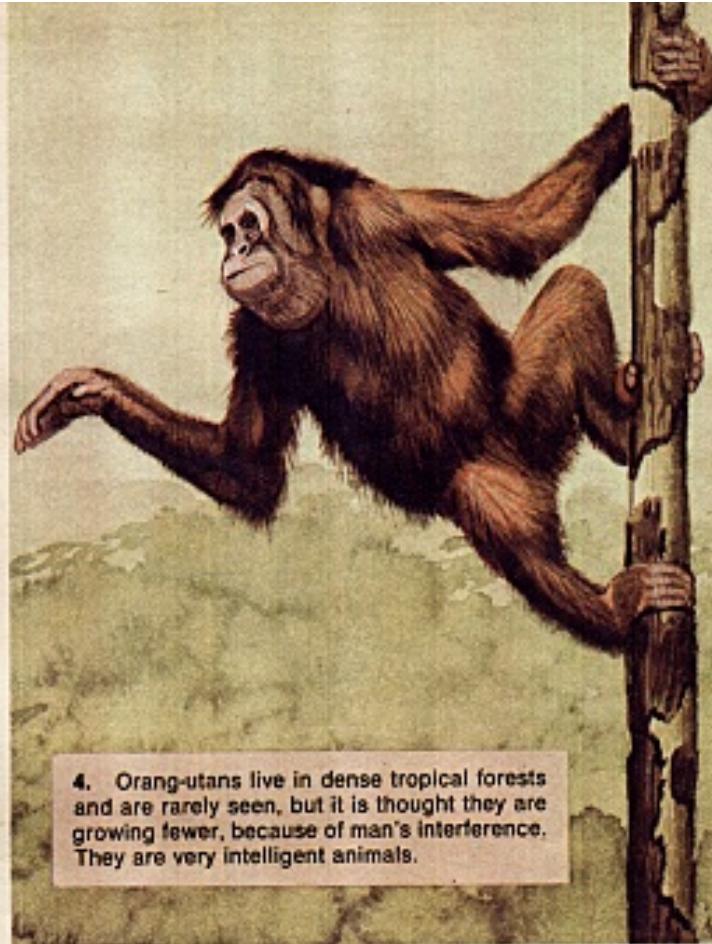


6. The Arabian Oryx has been hunted so much that it is in danger of dying out, but a herd has now been built up in the Arizona desert, U.S.A.

All Sorts of

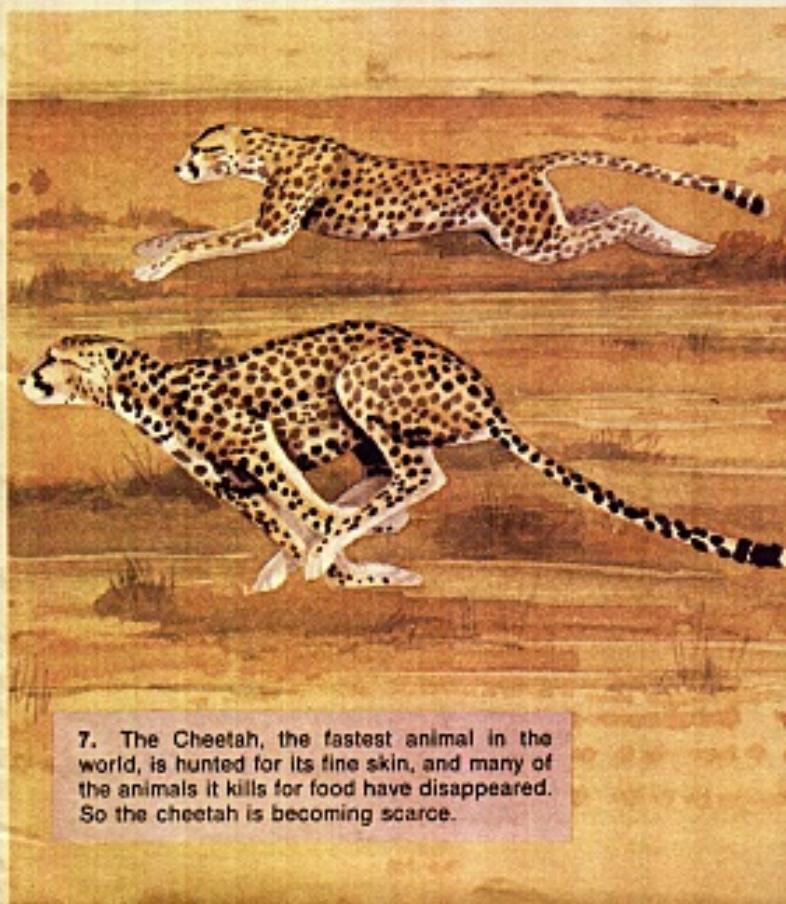


3. Koala bears, slow, gentle animals, easy to catch, used to be hunted for their fur. Their numbers grew so low they had to be protected.

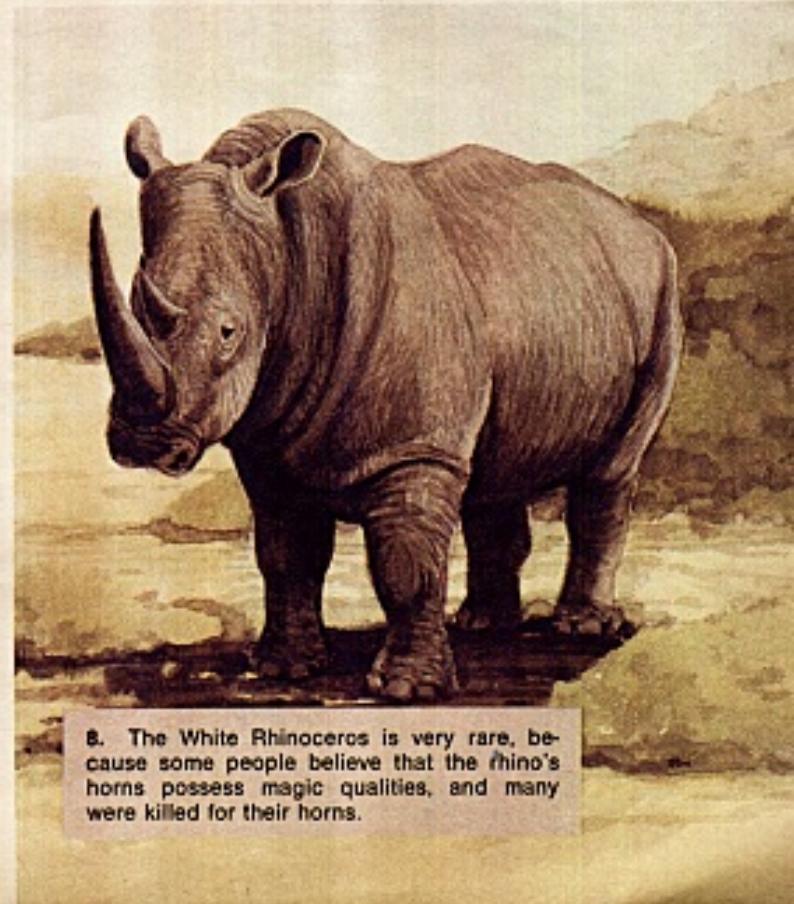


4. Orang-utans live in dense tropical forests and are rarely seen, but it is thought they are growing fewer, because of man's interference. They are very intelligent animals.

Animals in Danger



7. The Cheetah, the fastest animal in the world, is hunted for its fine skin, and many of the animals it kills for food have disappeared. So the cheetah is becoming scarce.



8. The White Rhinoceros is very rare, because some people believe that the rhino's horns possess magic qualities, and many were killed for their horns.



BRER RABBIT

The Bridge . . . by Barbara Hayes.

NOW one fine day, Brer Rabbit went into town to do some shopping. He bought crunchy carrots and munchy apples and scrunchy biscuits, and he felt very pleased with himself.

But on the way home, Brer Rabbit had to pass over a bridge across a deep river. And, unluckily for Brer Rabbit, that bad lad Brer Fox was waiting on the bridge.

"Oho!" said Brer Fox, as Brer Rabbit came up to the bridge. "What do I see in your shopping basket, Brer Rabbit? I see crunchy carrots and munchy apples and scrunchy biscuits, don't I?"

"You certainly do," said Brer Rabbit, because there was nothing else he could say.

"And do you think you are going to take those crunchy carrots and munchy apples and scrunchy biscuits home to



your wife and children?" asked Brer Fox with a sly snigger.

"I certainly do," replied Brer Rabbit. But he began to feel uneasy at the way Brer Fox was sniggering.

"Then you have made a big mistake, haven't you?" said Brer Fox, with a horrid grin.

"I certainly have," sighed Brer Rabbit, knowing that his shopping would soon be taken from him.

"Everyone who passes over this bridge," went on Brer Fox, smiling worse than ever, "has to give all their shopping to me, otherwise I eat them all up. Now, you wouldn't like me to eat you all up, would you, Brer Rabbit?"

"I certainly wouldn't," said Brer Rabbit.

But all the while Brer Rabbit was thinking as hard as he could and suddenly he had an idea.

He flopped down on the ground and started sobbing as loudly as he could.

"Oh dear! Oh, woe is me! I'm finished!" he sobbed, "Oh, boo-hoo-hoo!"

Brer Fox was quite startled.

"What is the matter with you?" he asked. "You're not finished at all. All you have to do is to give me your shopping and then you can go home."

"I know that!" snapped Brer Rabbit. "It's not you I'm bothered about. It's that

other fox who lives in the river. He always wants some of my shopping before he will let me cross safely over the bridge. And if I have to give all my shopping to you, there will be nothing left for that other fox and he will eat me. Oh! Boo-hoo-hoo!"

Brer Fox was surprised.

"I didn't know there was another fox hereabouts," he said.

"Oh, there is! There is!" sobbed Brer Rabbit. "Just look over the bridge, Brer Fox, and you will see him looking up at you from the bottom of the river."

So Brer Fox did look over the side of the bridge and, sure enough, there was a fox looking up at him from the river.

Of course, it really was his reflection, but Brer Fox was too stupid to realise that.

"Golly! There is a fox there. And mighty fierce he looks, too!" gasped Brer Fox.

"Yes!" said Brer Rabbit, suddenly forgetting about sobbing any more, "and if he knows that you have been interfering with people going over his bridge, I think he will be cross with you, Brer Fox."

Brer Fox began to feel nervous.

"What should I do?" he said.

"Well, I think you ought to go down and talk to that fox," said Brer Rabbit. "Per-

haps if you can arrange to give him *half* my shopping, he will let you keep *half* for yourself."

"What a good idea! I will go down and talk to him," said Brer Fox. "After all, I don't want to let you go and not have your shopping at all, but at the same time I don't want to get into trouble with that other fox. I will hang over the side of the bridge and you hold on to my feet so that I don't fall in."

"Yes," smiled Brer Rabbit, "but remember to lean down very close to that other fox, because he is rather deaf."

As soon as Brer Fox was hanging over the side of the bridge, Brer Rabbit gave his feet a push and—**SPLASH!**—Brer Fox fell into the river.

Then Brer Rabbit leaned over the bridge and called out:

"Swim away fast down the river, Brer Fox, or that other fox will bite you. He gets mighty cross with people who crash about in his home like that."

Then, snatching up his shopping, Brer Rabbit ran home.

And he and his family had a fine time eating the crunchy carrots and munchy apples and scrunchy biscuits and laughing about silly old Brer Fox.

There will be another Brer Rabbit story to make you smile next week.

Some lovely Spring Flowers

Everybody likes to see the flowers of Spring, for then we know that Winter is over and the warmer days are coming. Some of the nicest Spring flowers grow wild in the countryside. It's fun to go looking for them, in March and April, and these colour pictures will help you to know what kind they are.



COWSLIP (April)



SWEET VIOLET (April)



ARUM LILY,
or CUCKOO PINT (April)

PRIMROSE (April)

PRIMROSE (April)



WOOD ANEMONE (March)



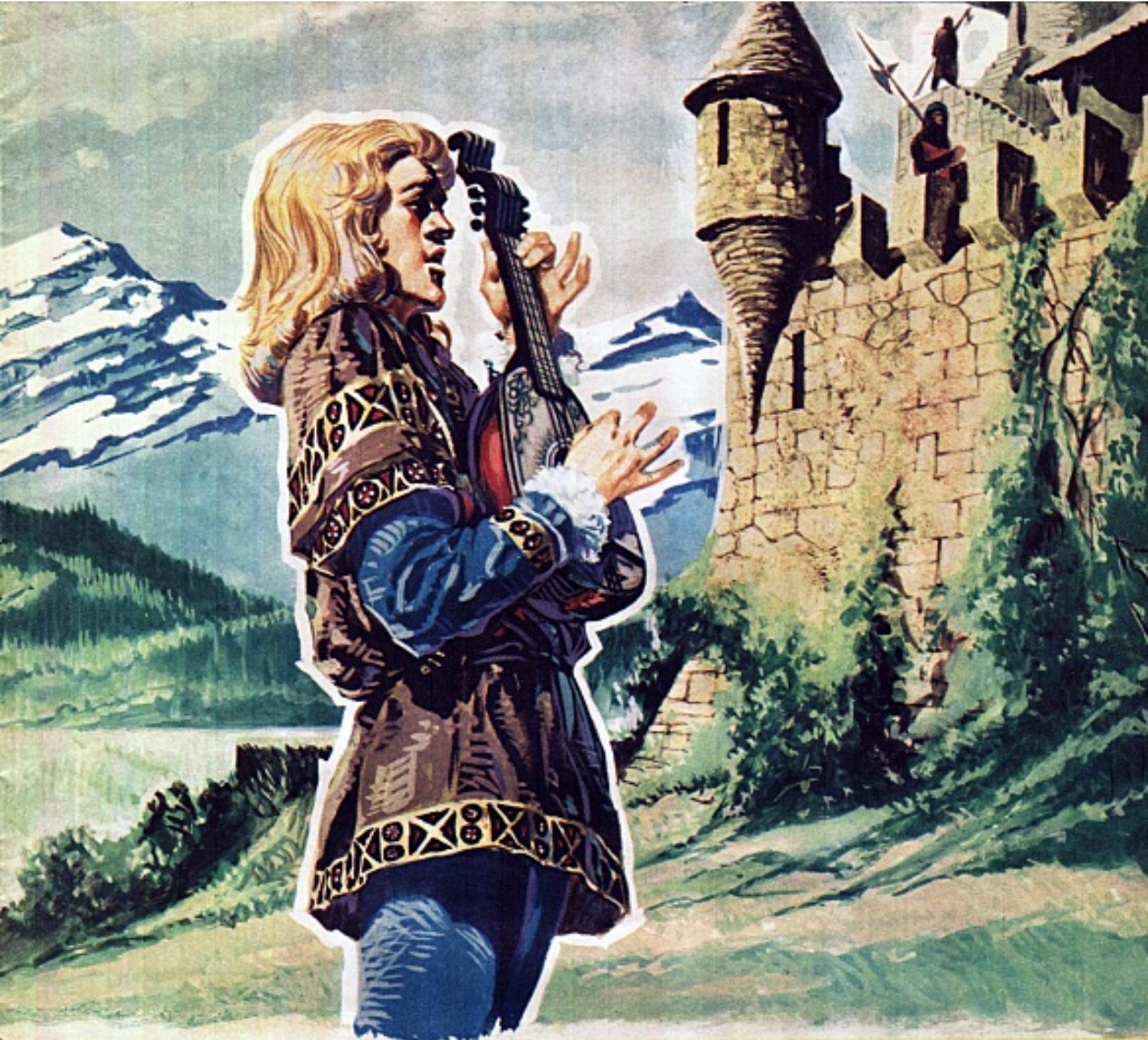
LESSER CELANDINE (March)



RED-DEAD
NETTLE (April)



WOOD SORREL (April)



The Song That Saved a King

A little while ago in Once Upon A Time, in a page of Famous Names, we told you a little about Blondel, the minstrel. Why did he take all the trouble to find King Richard of England? The answer makes a very interesting story:

King Richard and Blondel got to know each other because of a singing contest which was held in Southern France. At the time, King Richard was on his way to Palestine to fight on the side of the Crusaders. The King was very fond of singing, but in the contest Blondel beat him.

The two became friends and together they

composed some new songs. Blondel met with an accident and was not able to go with King Richard to the Holy Land. Later on, Blondel heard news that King Richard had been captured on his way back to England and had been secretly imprisoned in a castle.

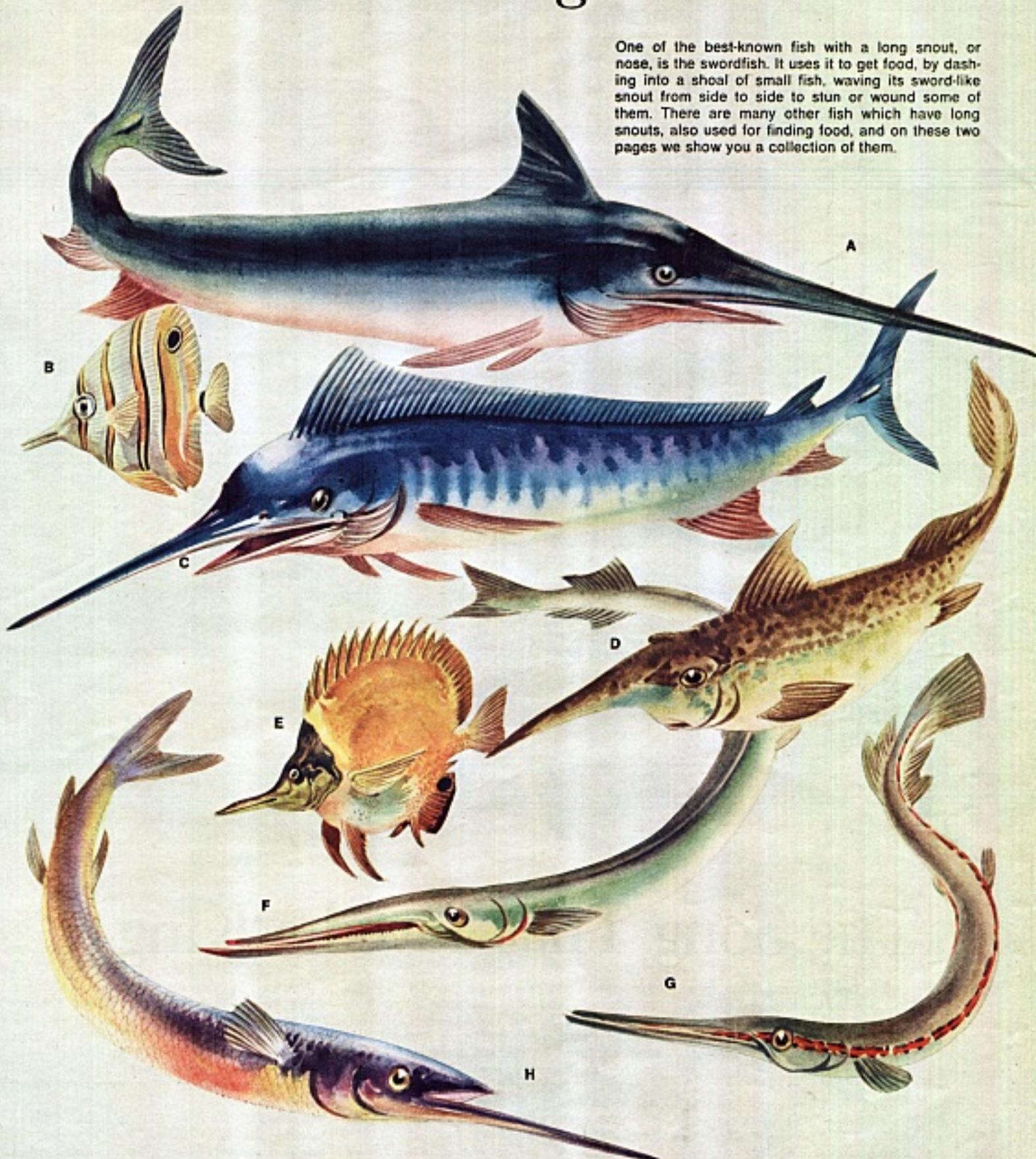
At this, Blondel set out to find him, and he wandered around Europe for a long time, calling at castle after castle and earning food and lodging as a minstrel.

He came at last to the grim castle of Durrenstein, near the River Danube. Here, close to the castle walls, he sang the first verse of a song which he and King Richard had composed together.

You can imagine his joy when he heard a voice from within the castle prison singing the second verse of the song, which only the King could have known. Blondel knew then that he had at last found King Richard, who had spent two whole years in that lonely castle and had almost given up hope of being saved.

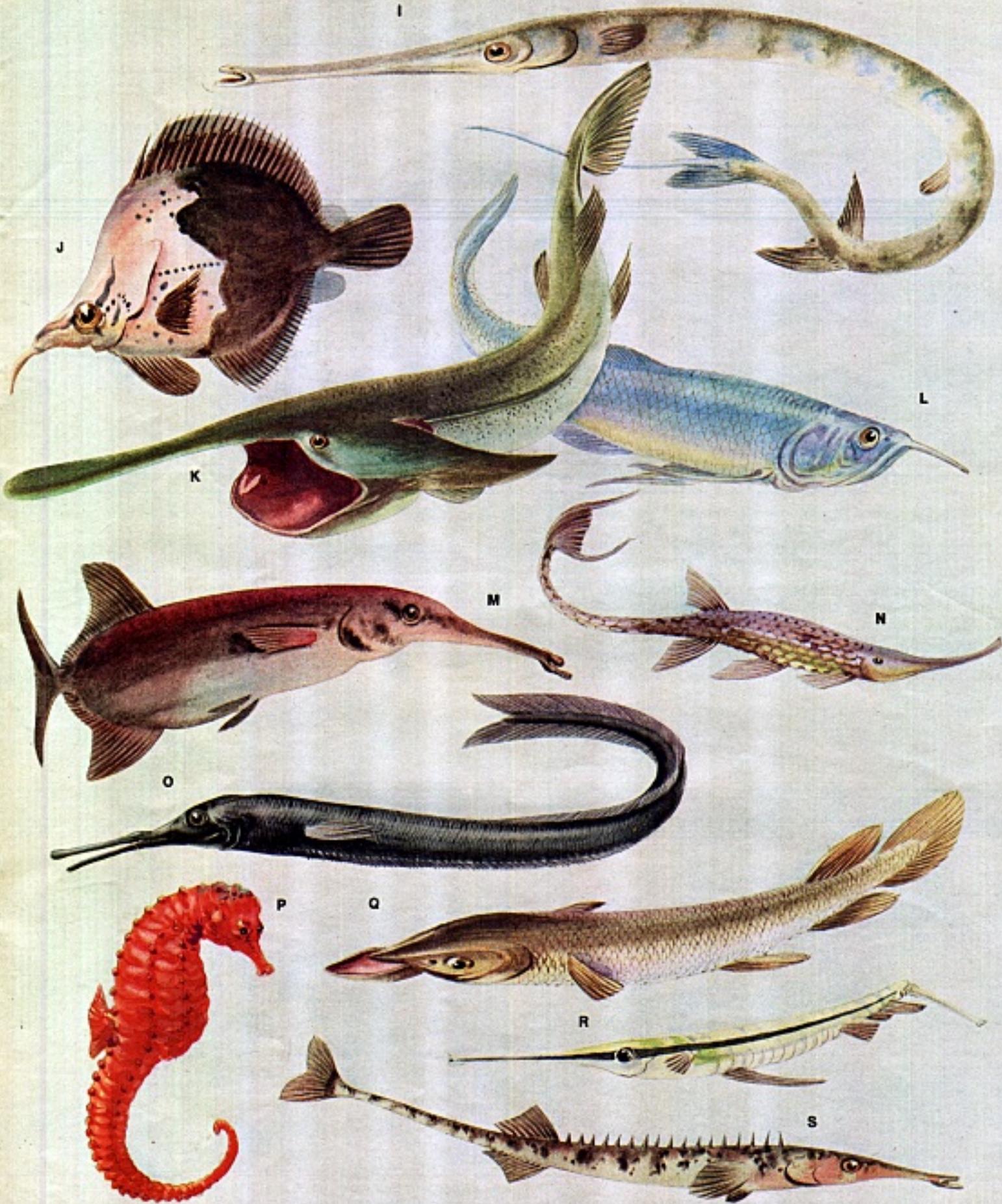
Excited and happy, Blondel hurried away to take the news to the King's friends in England. And in 1194, King Richard landed at the little English port of Sandwich, a free man, thanks to the efforts of Blondel, the minstrel, who would never give up his search for his friend.

Fish with long noses



One of the best-known fish with a long snout, or nose, is the swordfish. It uses it to get food, by dashing into a shoal of small fish, waving its sword-like snout from side to side to stun or wound some of them. There are many other fish which have long snouts, also used for finding food, and on these two pages we show you a collection of them.

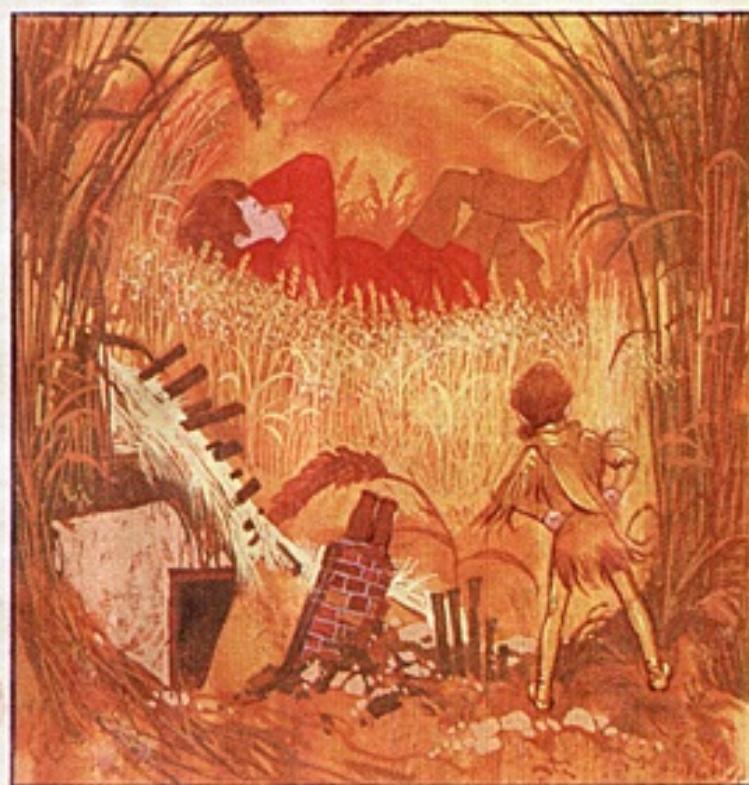
A Swordfish B Butterfly Fish C Blue Marlin D Rabbit Fish E Forelpiiger Fish F Garfish G Needle Fish H Halfbeak I Comet Fish J Leaf Fish
K Paddlefish L Arawana M Gymnarchus N Farlowella O Deep-water Eel P Sea Horse Q Spoon Fish R Shrimp Fish S Tubenose Fish



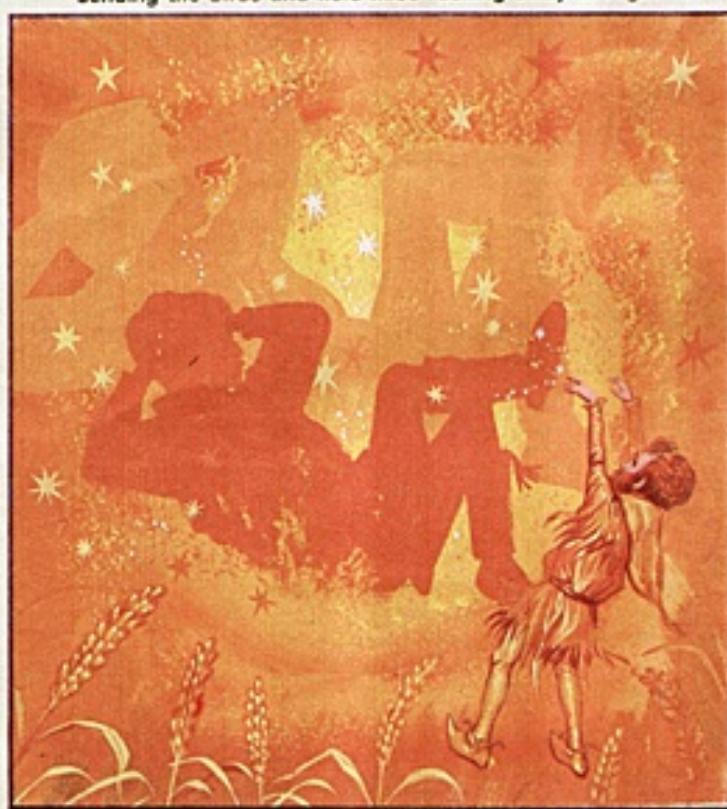
The Corn Fairies



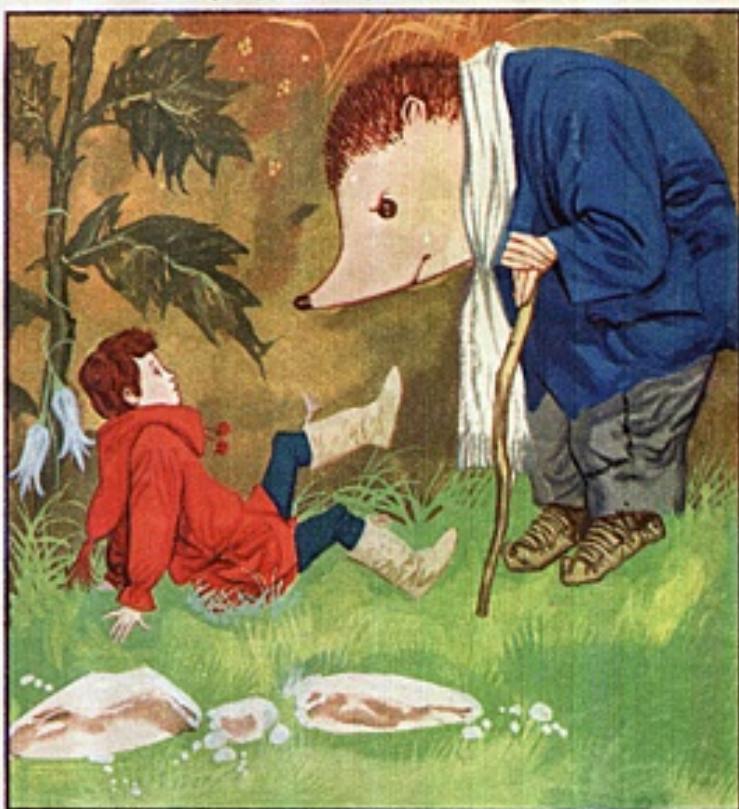
1. Once there was a little boy who lived in the country. He was not really an unkind or unpleasant boy, but he was thoughtless. He would rush through the cornfield, trampling down the corn and sending the birds and field mice rushing away in fright.



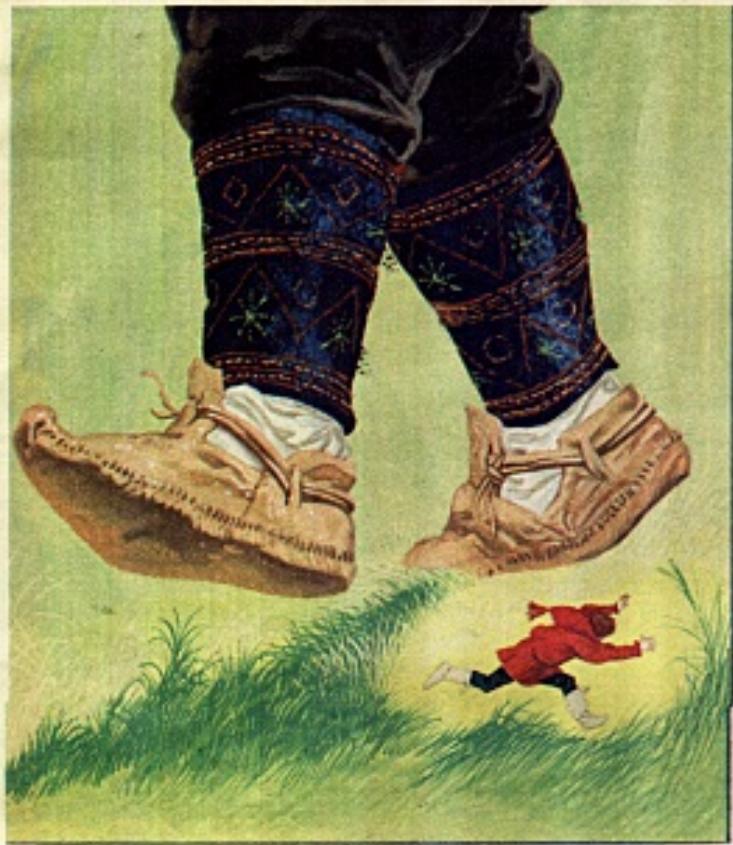
2. One day, the boy felt tired, so he lay down in the cornfield and fell fast asleep. He did not notice a corn fairy, peeping from behind some cornstalks. The fairy was standing beside his home, which the clumsy boy had trampled on and destroyed.



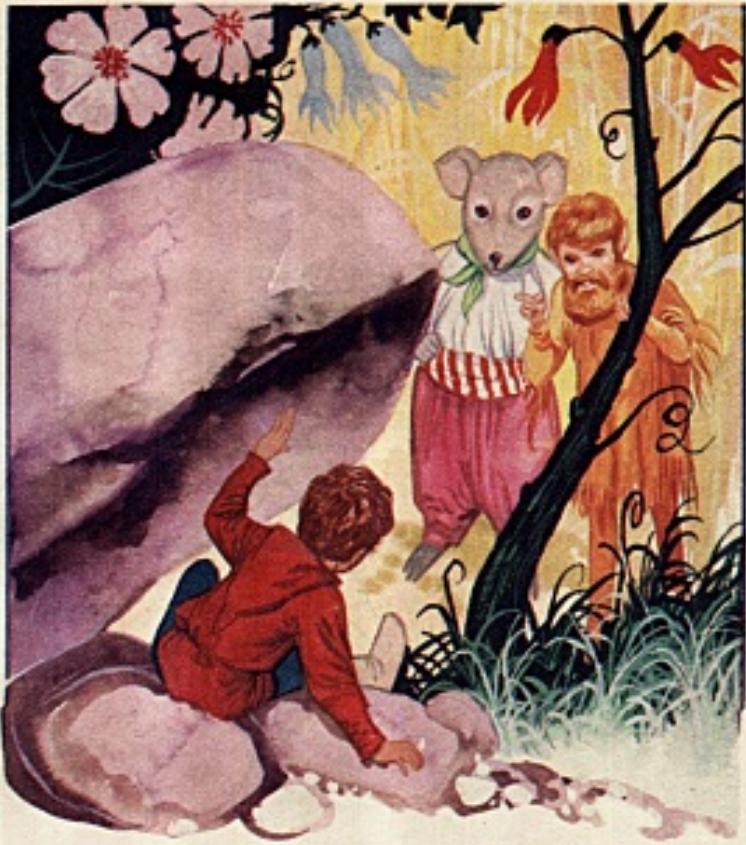
3. The angry fairy decided to get his own back, so he waved his hands and said a magic spell. At once, the boy began to shrink. He grew smaller and smaller, until at last he was only a few inches tall, the same size as the tiny corn fairy himself.



4. When the boy woke up, everything seemed to be different. To his horror, a large and rather bad-tempered mole was peering down at him. The mole seemed to tower so high above him that the little boy began to feel very frightened at the sight of it.



5. He took to his heels and ran, but he was so small and the corn was so high that he could not see where he was going. Then he saw a huge pair of feet just above him and he only just managed to escape being trampled on by the farmer's big shoes.



6. Tired and very miserable, the boy crawled under the shelter of a big stone, to hide. There, the little folk who lived in the cornfield found him. "Now you know how we feel, when you rush through our cornfield, destroying our homes," they told him.



7. The little boy began to feel sorry for what he had done. "Please let me help you," he said. "Perhaps we can repair your houses." The field mice and the corn fairies and the little boy all worked hard, until at last the tiny houses were repaired.



8. Then the corn fairy lifted his spell and the boy returned to his own size, but after that he was always careful where he went. Instead of trampling the corn down, he would sit carefully on the edge of the field and talk to his new friends there.



This story is a Memory Test. Read it carefully and then turn to page 16 and try to answer the questions there.

The Story Behind the Picture

HERE are two frisky little lambs, just ready to jump and gambol and play. In the Middle Ages, many sheep were kept in England, on land which was not suitable for growing crops, and England became famous for its fine wool all over Europe.

Today, England is no longer a farming country and much of our meat and wool now comes from Australia, where there are millions of sheep. The sheep are not kept on small farms like ours, but on huge sheep stations, which may cover more than 100,000 acres. These sheep provide Australians with most of the meat they eat and a lot of it is sent to Britain for us to eat, but the wool is even more valuable. Most of the wool pro-

duced in Australia is sold to other countries and brings the Australians hundreds of millions of pounds.

Rounding up the sheep on a sheep station and shearing them is quite a big job. The stockmen, who help look after the sheep, ride to the very farthest parts of the station on their horses and drive all the sheep back to the main part of the station.

The shearing is done by a special group of shearers, who move around from farm to farm. There are thousands of sheep to be sheared so they have to spend about a fortnight at each farm. Each farm has special living quarters for the shearers, where they stay until they have finished and are ready to

go to their next sheep-shearing job.

Usually there are about four shearers. One of them is the foreman and he bargains with the farm owner about conditions and wages. There is also a boy, whose job it is to pick up all the wool from the floor and place it on the table, so that it can be sorted according to quality.

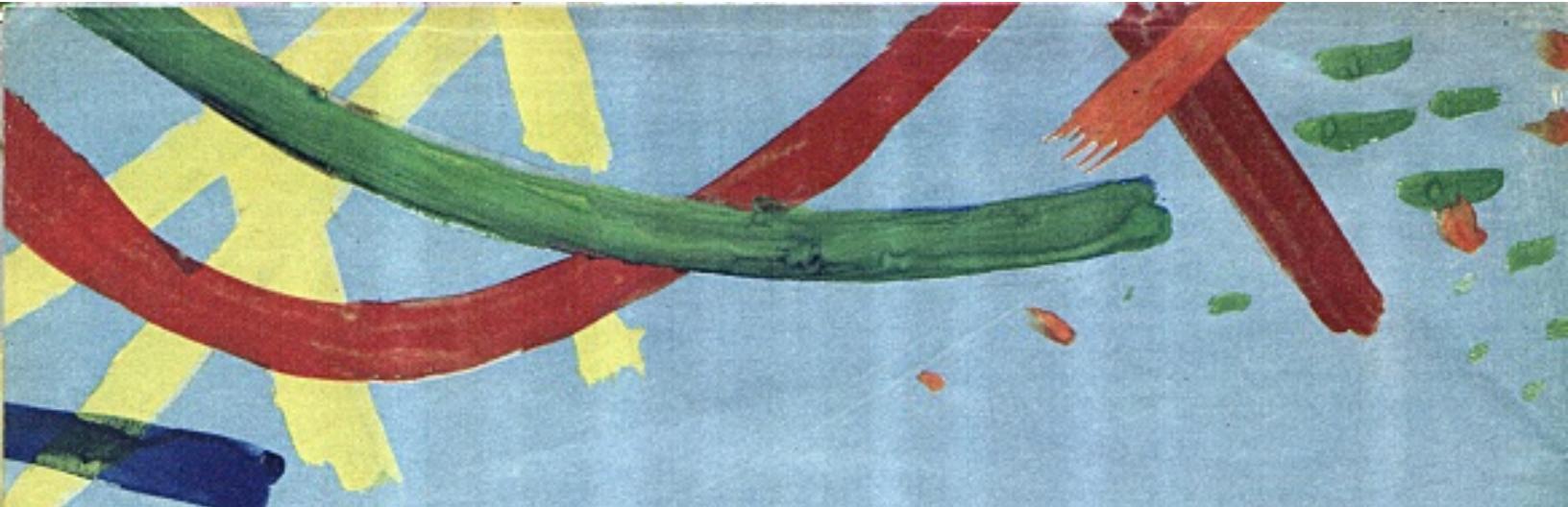
For shearing the sheep, the men use machine-powered shears, which look rather like a barber's clippers. It takes only a few minutes to cut off the fleece and a really skilled man may shear about 300 sheep a day. When the wool is cut, it is packed into big bales and taken to the cities, where it is sold.

Knight in Jousting Armour

About 500 years ago, jousting was a popular sport and people used to go and watch tournaments between two mounted knights. Both knights and horses wore armour for protection, for the object of the sport was to topple your opponent out of the saddle with a thrust of a lance.

Join the dots of the mystery pictures from 1 to 31, 1 to 23 and 1 to 23 (be careful not to get the two bottom ones mixed up) and you will draw a helmet, a war hammer and a mace.





The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

The dancing daffodils. By Barbara Hayes.

STEPHANIE, the town mouse, was very excited. A real artist was coming to town and she had been invited to meet him.

Stephanie put on her newest dress and tried to look her prettiest, hoping that the artist would ask to paint her portrait.

But instead the artist asked everyone in town if they knew where there was a really beautiful bank of daffodils.

"Oh, I know where there is the most beautiful bank of daffodils in the world," said Stephanie in a loud voice. "If you'd like to come out with us tomorrow afternoon, my boy-friend Nigel will drive us out to see it in his grand expensive motor car."

And at once everyone was jealous of Stephanie for knowing more about finding daffodils than they did and for having a rich boy-friend with an expensive car.

And that made Stephanie very happy. She liked other people to be jealous of her.

But her boy-friend, Nigel, was puzzled.

"I didn't know you knew anything about daffodils, Stevie," he said. (Stephanie liked to be called Stevie. She thought it sounded towny and smart.)

"Of course I don't know anything about daffodils, you blockhead," said Stephanie. "But I wanted to get on the right side of that artist so that perhaps I can persuade him to paint my portrait. The thing to do is to drive him out to see my country cousin, Winifred. She knows all about flowers and country things like that. And if she doesn't know, then her country bumpkin boy-friend, Bertie, is sure to know where the best daffodils are."

So the next day Stephanie and Nigel and the artist drove out to Winifred, the country mouse.

"Why, hallo! What a nice surprise," smiled Winifred, when she opened her front door. "Would you all like to come in for a cup of tea? I have just made one for Bertie."

"For heaven's sake, Winifred," said Stephanie. "Why is that you can never set eyes on anyone without immediately wanting to choke them with one of your boring cups of tea? My artist friend here has better things to think about than cups of tea."

Then Stephanie explained that they were looking for daffodils.

Well, of course, Winifred did know where there was a beautiful bank of daffodils, and off they all went to look at them. The artist was thrilled.

He set up his easel and canvas and got out his tubes of oil paints.

Then he said to Winifred: "Do you know, I don't think cups of tea are boring. Before I start work, I should love a cup and some of your famous home-made cakes, too, if I may."

Winifred was pleased.

Stephanie was furious. She didn't like anyone to make more fuss of Winifred than they did of her.

However, back to the cottage they went, and while they were gone, do you know who came along?

It was Rex the Wrecker—the little mouse who is always being naughty.

And can you guess what he did?

He squeezed and dabbed the artist's paints all over the canvas. What a mess he made.

When they came back from the cottage, Nigel and Bertie and Stephanie and Winifred were furious.

But, to their amazement, the artist was quite pleased.

"You have saved me a lot of trouble, sonny," he said to Rex. "Now all I have to do is to ride over the picture with Bertie's bicycle and it will be finished."

How the others stared.

"Well, I never did!" said Winifred. "That picture doesn't look much like daffodils to me!"

It didn't to Stephanie either, but she wasn't going to let anyone think that she

wasn't used to the most modern and up-to-date ideas.

"Why, you old-fashioned things!" she laughed at Nigel and Bertie and Winifred. "This is a wonderful modern-type painting of daffodils. It sort of expresses their spirit instead of showing what they really look like."

"That's right," smiled the artist.

Bertie grunted: "Well, it's lucky for Rex the Wrecker. He deserves a spanking for being so naughty, but as you seem pleased with what he did, I suppose it does not matter."

So everyone was happy and in the end they all went to their own homes.

But Stephanie was careful not to ask the artist to paint a portrait of her.

"I don't want a picture of my face with a bicycle ridden across it," she thought to herself, "even if I do say it's clever just to seem smart in front of other people."

There will be another mouse story next week.

YOUR EDITOR'S LETTER

Dear Boys and Girls,

Thank you very much for all the letters you are sending in. It is such a pleasure to receive them and to know that you are enjoying Once Upon A Time each week. Be sure to get next week's issue and tell your friends to ask for it at the newspaper shop.

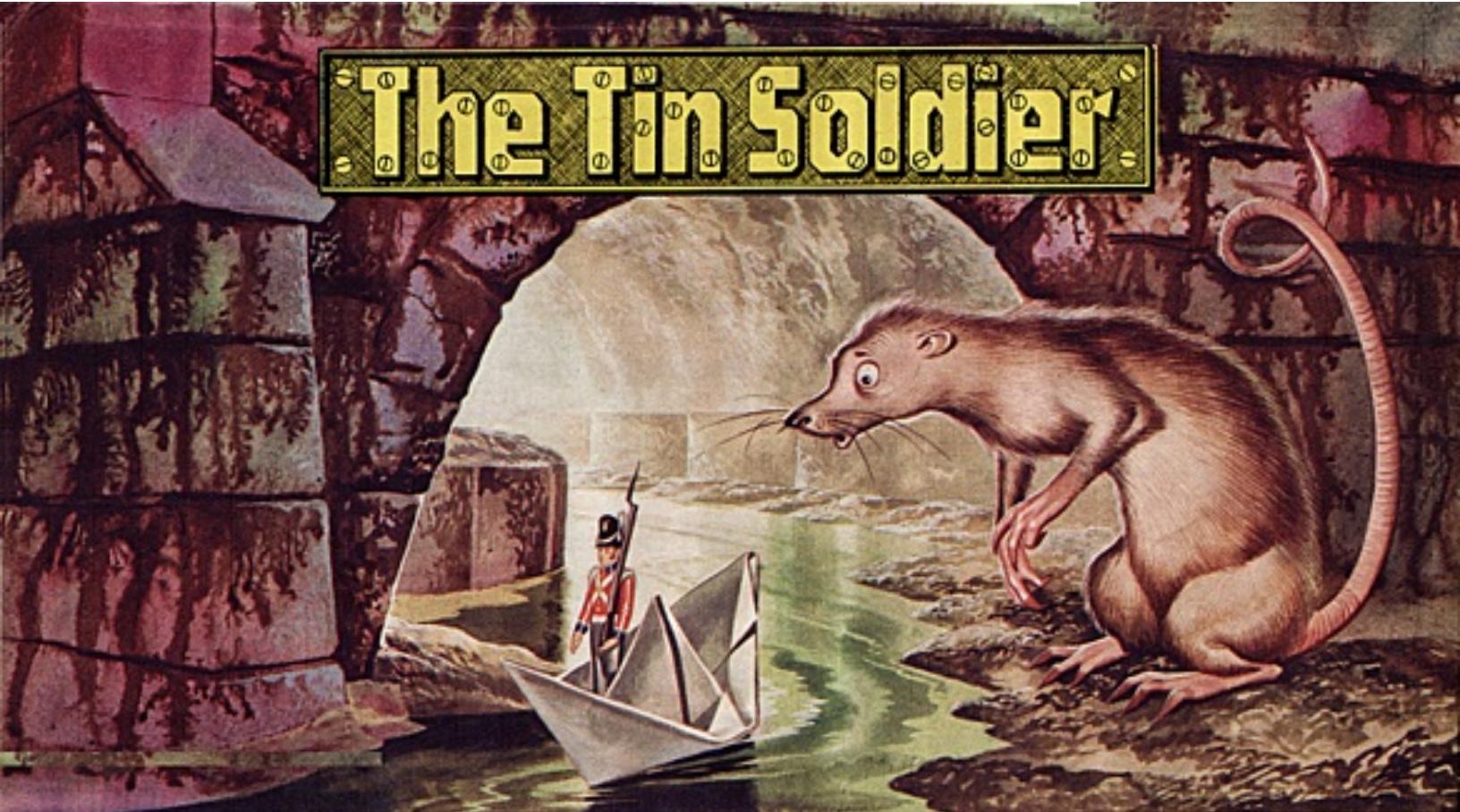
Your friend, The Editor.

See if you can answer these questions about the Memory Test on page 14.

1. Are Australian sheep farms large or small?
2. Who usually does the shearing?
3. How many sheep can a skilled man shear in one day?
4. What happens to the wool which is cut off?



The Tin Soldier



1. The tin soldier had been sailing merrily along the gutter in his little paper boat, when suddenly the gutter ran into a drainpipe. The boat and the tin soldier went down into the dark drain, too. It was so dark that at first the soldier could see nothing at all. Just then, two red eyes gleamed at him and he saw a great rat come out of the hole where he lived.

2. The rat glared fiercely at the tin soldier as he swirled past. "Where's your passport?" he demanded in a loud, angry voice. "Show me your passport." The tin soldier said nothing at all. He just stood straight and still, gripping his musket all the tighter. The boat sailed swiftly on and the rat jumped into the water and swam after it, in a great rage.



3. "Stop him!" the rat shouted to all the bits of wood and straw that were floating along with the current. "Stop him—he hasn't paid his toll and he hasn't shown his passport." But the current grew swifter and the little boat whirled along faster, leaving the rat far behind. Then the tin soldier saw light ahead. He had reached the place where the drain poured into a canal.



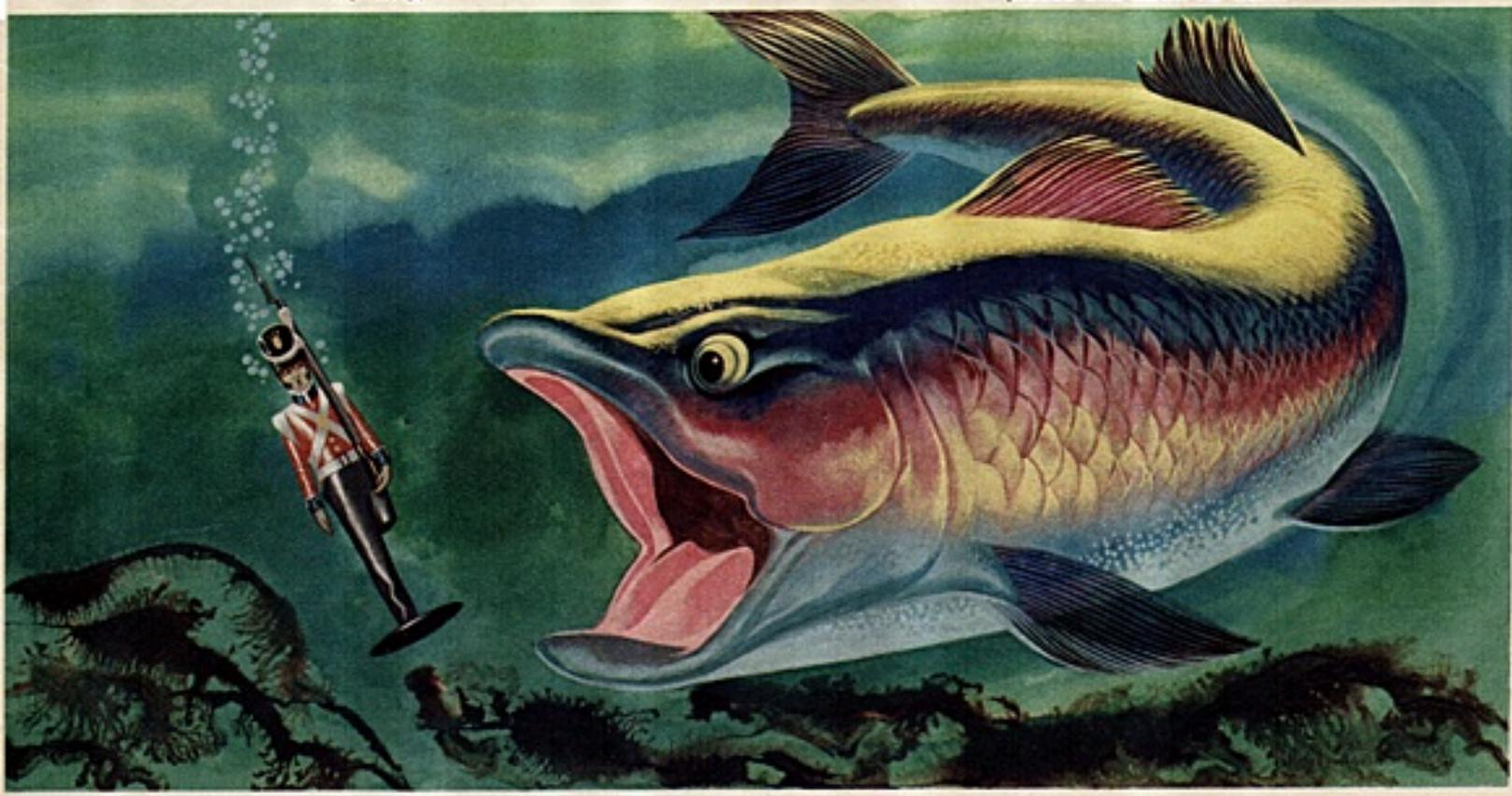
4. For the soldier it was like going over a great waterfall and there was a roaring sound, loud enough to terrify the stoutest heart, but the soldier just held himself straight and stiff and gripped his musket very tightly, never blinking an eyelid, so that he was still standing in exactly the same position when his little boat landed in the water of the canal.



5. However, the current was still carrying him along quite fast, and his little boat, caught in a sudden eddy, spun round three or four times. Then, to the soldier's regret, it began to fill with water. He could feel the little boat beginning to sink under him and he himself was getting lower and lower in the water. Soon, the water was up to his waist.



6. The soldier thought of the little dancer, who stood in the doorway of the cardboard castle in the house where he lived. He sighed, for he was sure he would never see her again. He seemed to hear a voice saying, "Soldier, your death is nigh," and he was determined to die as a brave soldier should. Just then, the paper boat fell to pieces and down he went.



7. The tin soldier, falling through the bottom of the boat, sank down and down into the water. It was dark and cold down there and the soldier thought longingly of the warm box which he shared with the twenty-four other soldiers. He wished he were home again and at the end of his adventures, but he still stood just as straight and proud as before, just as a soldier should.

8. A fish which swam past and noticed him falling thought, "Aha, here is something for me to eat." It swam towards the tin soldier, opening its great jaws wide as it reached him. Looking down into the fish's big mouth, the tin soldier was quite startled, but he was determined to show no sign of fear, and stood without moving as the fish, with one great gulp, snapped him up.

See what happens to the Tin Soldier in next week's part of this lovely tale.



The WISE OLD OWL

Knows all the answers



1. Who are the Pygmies and where do they come from?

"Pygmies are very small people and there are tribes of Pygmies in various parts of the world. They are usually about four feet six inches tall, but some are only about three feet, little more than half as tall as most adults. They are found in Malaysia, New Guinea, the Congo and elsewhere."

The Wise Old Owl is here to answer many interesting questions for you.



2. How did the Solomon Islands get their name?

"The Solomon Islands, in the South Pacific, were discovered by a Spanish explorer in 1587. He thought they would yield great riches so he named them after Solomon, the wealthy king of Bible times."



3. Why does a kite fly?

"The material which makes up the kite is spread out as widely as possible. This gives it a big surface for the air to hold up. The tail slants the kite, so that wind pressure forces it to rise."



4. How did we get the expression, "It's raining cats and dogs"?

"In the old days, people thought cats had an effect on the weather and that during storms witches rode through the sky as cats. Also, the wind was pictured as coming in gusts from the mouth of a dog and people came to associate cats and dogs with rain and storms."



5. Where does the Bush-baby come from?

"The proper name for a Bush-baby is Galago and it lives in the thick forests of Central Africa. They are nocturnal animals, sleeping during the day and coming out at night to feed on all kinds of things, including fruit, insects, locusts and small birds."